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## NELLIE'S ROMANCE.

### CHAPTER I.

'So you are going to be married, Nellie?' said Bertie Egerton, stroking his tawny and decidedly handsome moustache. They were alone in the conservatory, and the musicians were playing the 'Mabel' waltz, and the dancers were whirling round like mad.

'Yes,' she said, and she said it a little ruefully, as if she still carried her heart about with her, and had not given it into the keeping of her future lord and master.

'I don't believe you care for him, Nellie Vince, though you are going to marry him.'

'No,' she answered slowly; 'I don't. Indeed, on the whole,' she added candidly, 'I think I detest him.'

The Vinces were miserably poor—those most unfortunate of beings, poor gentlefolks—the sort of people who, in the course of a season, suffer a dozen martyrdoms from petty mortifications, with an endurance which, if known, would excite the envy of the ghost of the never-to-be-forgotten Spartan boy, and extinguish his glory for ever; the sort of people who have an appearance to keep up, and nothing to keep it up upon. They gave a dinner twice a year, and starved for a fortnight before, and grumbled for a fortnight after it. They never went to a theatre unless they had orders given to them, and then they hired a brougham, because cabs cost nearly as much and were more vulgar; and they stinted themselves for a week after the indulgence. The girls went to all the parties they were invited to, 'because,' explained politic Mrs Vince to Colonel Vince, who, if he had little money, had much pride—'because,' said Mrs Vince, 'they might get off.' Besides, going to parties was less expensive than giving them; so the girls went in their everlasting muslins, which were ironed when they were tumbled, and washed when they were dirty. Heigh-ho! They were so poor, though they did not shew it much—that is, not much, considering. They wore cheap gloves

and common dresses, and made the latter at home; and they passed by the bonnet-shops, which they were never allowed to enter, with a sigh. They pretended to like walking better than driving; and to dislike all wine (that is, at home), excepting claret, which was twelve shillings a dozen. And they kept small fires, and threw up the cinders; and didn't feel inclined to go to church on collection Sundays—that is, the Colonel and Mrs Vince didn't. Nellie, and Clara, and Arthur went to high-church, where there was always a collection; but they ignored the bag altogether, and when it came round, sang very loudly, and looked at their hymn-books very attentively; so they didn't notice it.

Nellie was the eldest girl, pretty rather, and decidedly spirited—clever too, and lively and amusing. She was twenty-one all but a week, and looked younger and felt older. She had been in love with Bertie Egerton all her life; but he had nothing besides his handsome self and pretty name to boast of; so, though they understood each other as perfectly as if there had been a dozen proposals between them, they bowed to circumstances. He was supposed to be a barrister, but he had never held a brief in his life. He had an uncle rolling in money, who had sent him to college, and promised to do something for him, and who had paid the fees for his entrance at the Temple; but Bertie, though he had acquired great knowledge of the world, had acquired little knowledge of law, so his uncle was not best pleased. Now, 'Money-bags,' as his nephew irreverently called him, was seventy-five, and not amiable—so he would not have been lamented; but he shewed no signs of dying, and if he had, perhaps there might be nothing in his will for Bertie, though he was his nearest relation. Altogether, therefore, things were hopeless; they could not marry on love and live on air; besides, Bertie had a righteous horror of poverty. Nellie was romantic, very decidedly romantic, though she pretended to be matter-of-fact. In her heart, she was horribly disappointed that Bertie didn't propose Gretna, or its equivalent (since that useful institution was abolished). She

was in love, very much in love, and if he would have only asked her, would have married him, and settled down to genteel poverty for the rest of her days with the greatest satisfaction; but he didn't. On the contrary, he bewailed his poverty, and said he thought he should propose to 'Plantations'—Plantations being a West Indian heiress with plenty of money and little beauty. Therefore, Nellie, after being talked to, and having all the advantages explained to her by her politic mamma, and being lectured and called 'My dear daughter' by her proud papa, had accepted old Brownlow. They were to be married in July, and this was May; so she had two months' freedom yet, and then—but she resolutely forebore to look any farther.

Old Brownlow was as rich as a Jew; so it was an excellent match, people said, and they were more attentive to the Vines in consequence, especially to Nellie. He wasn't handsome. He was fifty-five, and rather gray. He wasn't over head and ears in love with Nellie—he adored himself too much for that. The fact was, he wanted a mistress for his house, and some one to head his table, and he thought she would do. He had hesitated between Nellie and her younger sister Clara. Clara was prettier, but Nellie had more spirit, and that had decided him. He liked her independence and spirit, though he intended to curb it as far as he was concerned. Clara would have accepted him much more willingly; she liked the pomps and vanities of this iniquitous world, and rather envied Nellie on the whole, and admired her diamond engagement-ring particularly.

Nellie had not seen Bertie since the evening that ring had been placed on her not at all willing finger, till they met at the Wilfords' party. Luckily, old Brownlow was not there; so they had it all their own way. They had danced about a dozen bars of the 'Mabel,' and then betaken themselves to that dimly lighted and remarkably convenient conservatory.

'Detest him!' said Bertie; 'pleasant, certainly;' but he seemed rather pleased, on the whole, or, at all events, decidedly not sympathising, as he ought to have been.

'Indeed, I do, Bertie.' They were sitting down now in the cosiest corner of that cosy flirtation harbour.

'Why do you marry him, then?'

'Oh, he's rich,' she replied a little scornfully.

'Worldly young person you must be,' he said, looking as if he considered her a curiosity, but there was a look in his eyes as he bent them down on her which Nellie didn't see, or her heart might have fluttered unpleasantly—'very worldly young person,' he repeated, 'but not at all singular, though.'

'I am sure I would much rather not,' she said dolefully; 'you don't know how I dread it. I am sure I don't mind poverty in the least; indeed, I rather like it;' but her tone was doubtful when she added the latter clause, and her thoughts reverted to the bills in the letter-clip on her papa's writing-table, and the foot-notes appended to many of them to the effect that 'Messrs So-and-so must request, &c.'

'Doesn't do now-a-days, darling,' he said. He called her darling now and then, and Nellie pretended not to hear it. He only did it now and then.

'I am sure money isn't everything,' she remarked sagely.

'It's a great deal, though.'

'Oh, of course it is,' she answered a little crossly. She was a shade vexed, to tell the truth. 'Of course it is something always to have a nice house, and servants, and carriages, and big fires, and four-and-sixpenny gloves, and new bonnets, and not to have to turn one's frocks, and new extinguish half the wax-candles the moment one's guests are gone—and—and'— But she stopped, and shook some rose-leaves off her muslin dress, which looked more crumpled than usual.

'You know all the advantages, Nell,' he said; 'you have evidently learned them by heart, as children learn the multiplication table in the days of their infancy. Go on.'

'And—and'—she was nearly crying, his coolness was so provoking—and—and—some one—a husband'—and she gave a great gulp at that word; she couldn't have brought it out if he hadn't been so disagreeable—to love one, and take care of one.'

'There are others willing to stand in that relation to you besides Brownlow.'

'Oh!' she said, waiting for him to proceed, but he didn't, only went on stroking his moustache—in an insane manner, Nellie thought; so she wished she had said 'Where?' instead of 'Oh!' which might have induced him to be more explicit.

'Wish I wasn't such a pauper,' he remarked presently, and he sighed.

Nellie heard the sigh, and was delighted. He had left off stroking his moustache now, and was looking into her eyes; she did see the expression in his now, and she felt her turn had come.

'What a delightful couple we shall be!' she said teasingly. 'How we shall yawn at each other from each side of the fire-place; and how superbly polite we shall be to each other; and how he will hate me in six months, when he finds I fulfil all my duties properly, excepting that of loving him;' and she was a little bitter now.

'You don't love him, then?' he asked eagerly.

'Didn't I tell you I detested him!'

'Nellie'—and his face was very close to hers—'Nellie, how happy we could have been!'

'Yes,' she whispered, and she didn't move her face.

'No use, darling;' and he kissed the lips which were so temptingly close to his, and wasn't reproved. Very shocking, wasn't it?—especially considering that diamond ring on the third finger of her left hand. Perhaps she had forgotten it, though, for she hadn't taken off her glove. 'You see there would be such a fearful row, and we have no money.'

'Yes,' she said doubtfully.

Just then the waltz ended; and little knots of heated dancers strolled in, so their *tête-à-tête* came to an untimely end.

Bertie was quieter than usual when he reached home that night, and stroked his moustache more than ever.

'Dear little girl!' he said to himself. 'If old Moneybags would only do something, or something would only turn up, I'd risk it—declare I would. She's much too good for Brownlow.'

And when Nellie reached home, she divested herself of her finery in five minutes, rolled her muslin frock up in a ball in her excitement, and cried herself to sleep.

CHAPTER II.

There wasn't any hope left for her; it only wanted a fortnight to the time; and the cake was ordered, and the bridemaid's finery bought, and the guests invited. Nothing turned up. Moneybags was alive, Bertie out of town, and, altogether, the whole thing was certain.

'Ugh!' she said to herself, 'how I hate him!' She was trying on her wreath, which had just come from Madame de Blank's. 'Ugly old thing!' That was not at all a proper expression to make regarding her future spouse; but she made it. 'Nasty, pompous old thing; to insist, too, on our spending the honeymoon at his mouldy old country-seat, when I wanted to go to Paris, and see all the shops.' Nellie had a weakness for shops, and a partiality for spending money in them. 'Honey-moon, indeed! O Bertie, if it had been you, darling; and she began to cry. After all, she was only a woman, and women are very foolish.

Now chance played Nellie that day a very good turn. The colonel had gone into the country to see an old friend; Mrs Vince, and Clara, and Arthur, had gone out; and so Nellie was alone in the house. At that moment the housemaid entered. She was a good-looking housemaid, and a good-natured one, and a good-tempered one, and she was very fond of Nellie, who sometimes told her her secrets.

'Miss Nellie,' she said, 'Mr Egerton is in the drawing-room, and they are all out;' and Mary-Jane looked as if she knew all about it.

'You don't mean it! Here, take this;' and she flung aside her wreath, gave a hasty look in the glass, and rushed down-stairs; came to a full stop at the drawing-room door, and walked in, in a very composed manner.

'Nellie,' he said, meeting her as she entered, 'they are all out, are they not?' And he took her two hands in his, while she wondered if anything could have turned up, and almost thought that it had.

'Yes.'

'That's jolly. I want to talk to you so much, dear. Come and sit down on the sofa by me,' he said caressingly; and she went.

'Well?' she asked.

'Well,' he said, 'how is the wedding getting on?'

'Oh!' she exclaimed disappointedly, 'is that all?'

'All! Why, don't you know a wedding is the most important thing in the world, in a young lady's eyes?'

'It isn't in mine,' she said gravely, for she was disappointed, and could not help it; and her eyes began to fill with tears, and he seeing them was merciful. Besides, she was looking wonderfully pretty just at that moment, and he longed to kiss her, but wasn't sure the proper moment had arrived for that performance.

'Nellie,' he said, 'Uncle Blake is dead' (Uncle Blake was old Moneybags): 'died a week ago; and he has left me all his money—all, every penny!'

'Oh!' and she opened her eyes very wide—'O Bertie! Well?' and she waited.

'So I shall be able to give you something jolly for a bridal gift, shan't I?'

'Bertie!' she exclaimed indignantly, and tried

to pull away her hands, but he held them tightly.

'Darling,' he said, 'we won't put off the wedding; but shall we change the bridegroom?' and he was kissing her now.

'I don't understand,' she said innocently, though of course she did.

'Will you have me, instead of old Brownlow, darling?'

'Yes,' she said plumply, and she looked down, and looked very confused, and pretty, and happy; all of which was highly proper, of course. 'But what will they all say? They will never consent;' and she pulled away her hands, and looked up with two very burning cheeks.

'We won't ask them. Tell them when it is all over; and then let them storm, and let Brownlow tear his hair.'

'O how nice!' she exclaimed with an exultation which was undutiful towards her parents, and unchristian towards old Brownlow. 'Do you mean we are to elope?'

'Yes,' and he nodded gravely—'elope.' He enjoyed, he delighted in the idea amazingly.—

'Listen, darling. I have thought of everything, and though I am now as good a match as Brownlow, still they could never consent, after all the fuss, and talk, and bother; so I think it will be best to avoid all row. I will stay away till the time, and you shall meet me, when I have arranged all, early one morning; and we will be quietly married, and be off to some watering-place, and then write and tell them. The knot will be tied, so storming won't be of any use.' That was a long speech for Egerton to make. He didn't talk much, as a rule.

'Very early in the morning?' she asked.

'Ten or eleven, I suppose.'

She was rather disappointed again. Her idea of an elopement consisted of escaping in the dead of the night out of a window, down a ladder, with a lace handkerchief tied over her head, and her lover waiting below with a large cloak to wrap her up in, and a noiseless carriage, hidden in the distance, to convey her away. Bertie's ideas were rather commonplace, she thought.

'You can manage it, can't you, Nell?' he asked.

'Yes; O yes. Lucky thing I'm of age, though, Bertie!' she remarked importantly. She was twenty-one and a month.

'Very much so,' he returned approvingly.—'Now, darling,' he whispered, 'tell me when—one day next week, darling. Let's see: to-day is Tuesday—now, darling, tell me when shall it be?'

Then she looked very demure, and turned away her head, and said she didn't know; but after much coaxing and blushing, it was finally fixed for the Thursday; so she had ten days to get ready. Her marriage with old Brownlow would have taken place two days later, if it had been going to come off.

'Tell you what, Nell; I shan't come again, and so you won't see me till the morning. Can't you pretend to go and spend the day with Maggie Greton?' Maggie Greton was Nellie's cronie. 'Put her up to it, and bring her with you, and you can meet me at the end of the square.'

'Yes, Bertie,' she said obediently.—'I shan't wear my wreath after all,' she added a little regretfully.

'No; it wouldn't be quite the thing in the

street. Besides, they might render the ceremony null and void on the plea of insanity,' he remarked.

'I shall certainly leave it behind,' she replied decidedly.

'All right. You bring Maggie, and I will bring Welsh—first-rate fellow, Welsh; good for anything. Those two will do famously.—What a dear little girl you are, Nell! You don't plague a fellow at all. You've got so much sense: more than I have, ever so much.'

'Rather a pity, on the whole, we made Nell accept Mr Brownlow,' remarked Mrs Vince when she heard of Bertie's accession. 'He might have proposed to you, Clara; and Nellie liked Bertie, I fancy.'

'Too late now,' said Clara.

'Oh, of course. What would people say? I would not do such a thing for the world. Besides, consider all the expense we have gone to.'

'I never liked that young Egerton,' remarked old Brownlow that evening. 'He is a puppy.'

'That he's not,' exclaimed Nellie. She didn't fear her elderly betrothed much now, and felt inclined to serve him out.

'Oh!' said old Brownlow astonished, and he put up his glasses, which were double, with a thick gold rim. 'Ah! really my dear young lady, you are very decided in'—

'My opinion. I should think so. Why, I have known Bertie Egerton a century, and he's a brick!'—which was altogether an improper speech for a young lady to make. It wasn't respectful to old Brownlow. It wasn't truthful; for she hadn't known Bertie for a century. It wasn't ladylike; for 'brick' is a slang word. Therefore, it is not to be wondered at that astonished faces turned towards her indignantly, and that scandalised eyes bent down upon her sternly.

#### CHAPTER III.

Maggie Greton enjoyed the idea amazingly, and was quite willing to help. She was her own mistress, and could do as she liked. She had no mother; and her father was a bookworm, and did not trouble much about what went on around him, which was convenient.

The morning came, and Nellie went round to Maggie's early. She kissed them all very affectionately before she left home. She felt frightfully wicked; but she thought of old Brownlow, and could not repent.

'There they are, Nellie,' said Maggie as a brougham with Egerton and Welsh came round the corner; and they got in, and all four went to church together, which, of course, was not etiquette; but that could not be studied in an elopement. Nellie was uncommonly grave.

'Believe you are frightened, Nell,' whispered Maggie, who had been doing a side flirtation with Welsh, and seemed to enjoy it.

'Well, you see, I never was a bride before,' she said slowly, which was true. 'It is not the least bit romantic,' she thought, as they stood at the altar rails, waiting for the clergyman, who was slow in putting on his surplice—not the least. I always thought, for an elopement, one had a post-chaise, with four white horses; two post-boys, both grinning; and rose-coloured blinds to draw down

the moment the bride and bridegroom were inside. Suppose it is not fashionable now; for Bertie knows, of course.'

Just then the ceremony began; and so she looked very frightened and subdued. A whole church and a parson to one's-self is enough to subdue one.

They went off to the railway station directly the ceremony was over; there was no wedding breakfast. They would dine at Worthing, they said, as they sent Maggie and Welsh away together, hungry, but seemingly very well satisfied with each other, which they were.

'I think I'd better write home now,' said Nell, when they were comfortably arrived at their destination, and sitting at the window watching the boats which jumped about on the water. 'They'll get it to-morrow early.'

'All right, darling,' he said; and she sat down, and didn't know what to say.

'Do come and help me, Bertie!'

'DEAREST MAMMA—Please, forgive me. I know, of course, I am very, very wicked; but I have'—

'I don't know what to say next.'

'This morning been married to Bertie Egerton. You see he is rich now'—

'Cool,' said Bertie. 'Pray, did you marry me for that reason? Very worldly young person; but he didn't look afraid of her motives.'

'Very,' nodded Nellie, in a Burleigh-like manner. 'Wish you wouldn't interrupt. You'll put all ideas out of my head, and Clara is sure to quiz it.'

'So you must try and forgive me. I could not love Mr Brownlow, who is very ugly, you know, dear mamma, and'—

'O Nell!'

'So he is, dear.'

'So I have married Bertie Egerton, who loves me very much; and I beg you to forgive me, and I'—

'Will never do it any more,' suggested Bertie.

'Goose!' exclaimed Nell. When a woman calls a man a goose she is generally in love with him.

'I'll never forget your kindness. Keep some of the cake for me'—

'Greedy you are, Nell.'

'Or else tell Clara if she marries she may have it and the wreath.—Please, forgive me, dear mamma and papa; and believe me your ever affectionate daughter,  
NELLIE.'

'Egerton,' said Bertie; 'put that in.' He was looking over her shoulder. She had left room for her new name on purpose, but meant to be coaxed into writing it.

'Oh, I had forgotten that was my name now;' which she hadn't, for she had written it down when she was quite alone yesterday, and then torn it up in very small bits, and lighted a match, and burned the bits, lest any one should try to put them together again. Besides, Maggie had called her 'Mrs Egerton' the moment the ceremony was over; so she couldn't have forgotten it. 'No; I shan't put it in: I don't like it;' which was another fib, for she did.

'Better than Brownlow, ever so much.'

'Brownlow is a very good name,' she remarked decidedly.

'Come, put it in, darling: Nellie Egerton will look so pretty.'

'I don't like. I don't much think it is pretty.'

'I am sure it is, and very romantic too.'

'Do you think it is romantic?' she asked doubtfully.

'Why, I should think so. Makes one think of a three-volume novel!'

'I'll see how it looks, then,' she said; and she wrote it. 'Let me see I have spelt it properly. O yes; that's lucky.'

'Won't old Brownlow swear!' said Bertie, 'that's all.'

He did swear, too; and they all stormed, and sent indignant letters, and did all sorts of things; but they came round in the end.

Old Brownlow insisted on seeing the letter, and when he did, raved at the passage concerning his personal appearance.

'Scandalous!' he exclaimed.

'And such shameful stories!' said Clara, looking up in his face horrified. Whereupon old Brownlow thought what a sensible girl she was; much better than Nellie, and prettier too.

'Perhaps he will come round to Clara,' thought politic Mrs Vince. He did in the end; and so she came in for the diamond ring which Nellie left behind on her dressing-table, stuck on an absurd ring-stand, made out of a spray of mock-coral.

#### GEMS OF THE SEA.

MR P. W. SIMMONDS, one of our most indefatigable collectors and collators of information relating to the products of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, has lately put together a number of curious facts connected with that pretty substance *coral*; tending to shew how much there is worth knowing on the subject. Many of us would not like to confess how ignorant we really are on the matter; for it requires some courage to make such a confession in regard to things which are outwardly familiar.

Even jewellers are not quite agreed as to the class in which this substance ought to be placed. Is it a precious stone? Is it a gem? If not, what is it, in a decorative point of view? Leaving these questions to be answered by those who are fond of definition, it is better to say at once that coral is the crust, shell, or home of living, or once living animals. Naturalists frankly confess, however, that they do not yet know the age at which the coral attains its largest size, the time required for an exhausted store to replenish or invigorate, the periods at which the eggs are laid, the mode in which the growing product is disseminated, the stage at which the budding takes place, or the time that the process occupies. In short, naturalists know that coral grows, but are very much in the dark as to how it grows. So small is the degree of animal organism possessed by this instinctive coral-builder, that it may be called a plant almost as correctly as an animal, and we may speak of its growing from a seed with nearly as much correctness as of its growing from an egg. This is indeed implied by the term *zoophyte*—'plant animal,' or 'animal plant.' Zoologists, however, claim it as belonging to the animal rather than to the vegetable group. Poirer, in his *Voyage en Barbarie*, entered very fully into the natural history of coral, so far as it is known, and offered reason for believing that the substance is, not so much the shell or envelope of

the polypus or zoophyte, as a transformation of those animals themselves. 'The death of a polypus is a kind of ossification. It becomes dried and hardened, and remains attached to the branch' [of coral] 'whence it acquired birth. The coral can thus insensibly form branches of great extent by layers of dried and hardened polypi. This matter is augmented by the abundant secretion of the living polypi, and by their envelopes—that is, the cells which they have formed—which, piled one on another, enlarge the branches and form new ones.' Coral is, in short, neither an animal, a plant, nor a mineral, but the metamorphosis of millions of polypi.

As to the whence, the where, the locality, we must go down under water to find it. Shakspeare makes Ariel sing to Ferdinand:

Full fathoms five thy father lies:  
Of his bones are coral made.

The great dramatist is here wonderfully close in his approach to scientific truth; for phosphate of lime is really the chief component in coral, as it was in the bones of the supposed Alonzo, king of Naples; and the 'full fathoms five' will suit very well also, seeing that coral is found at various depths from ten to a hundred feet below the surface of the water. Sometimes it is built on the sea-bottom itself; but any submerged objects will do as supporting places. Little as is known of the labours of this submarine architect, there is reason to believe that the growth of the coral is rapid, and the development simple; and that there is a power of easy adaptation to varying circumstances. The lowest degrees of organism in the animal kingdom display a strange power of sustaining life even when the framework is cut to pieces; and the coral-zoophyte does this; seeing that detached fragments from the coral-banks retain their vitality, and voluntarily attach themselves to any fixed objects near at hand. Its general appearance may be compared to that of a branching-plant without leaves, mostly with some tint of red or rose colour, hard, compact, and solid. The deeper the red, the denser and more brittle is the coral. The farther down below the surface of the water, the handsomer, generally speaking, is the coral obtained.

Coral is met with in a large number of seas, mostly within short distances of the shore. The Mediterranean is the busiest of all seas for this kind of fishery (fishery it is called, though assuredly neither coral nor the coral-zoophyte is fishy). Perhaps the shores of the Mediterranean are thus the busiest because they have been longest known to civilised nations; but be this as it may, the coasts of Corsica, Sardinia, Sicily, Algiers, Majorca, Minorca, Dalmatia, and Rhodes are especially rich in this product.

The fishery is conducted under certain well-defined conditions. The boats, with ten to twenty men each, sail from certain ports at certain seasons, and remain for many months near the spot where the coral is to be fished up. The men are provided by the owner with food, clothing, and all necessaries, together with a certain amount of money-wages per month. Part of this money is paid beforehand to the family of the fisher or sailor, to support them on shore while he is away. In many cases (perhaps most) the sovereign or government of the adjacent land claims and receives a payment in the form of toll or royalty,

for permitting the fishery to be carried on. The mode of fishing depends of course on the manner in which the substance is distributed. The coral is met with, not exactly on the sea-bottom, but usually on the sloping sides of submarine rocks, where it presents itself as a sort of shrub seldom more than half a yard high. It always selects a firm rocky bed to cling to, not sand or mud. The fishery arrangements are planned accordingly. In the Sicilian mode of fishing, which is pretty generally observed everywhere, the actual loosening or tearing is effected by means of two pieces of wood crossed at the centre, and having a piece of net fastened to the under side of their extremities. A long cord is tied round the middle of the instrument, to hold it by, and an attached stone gives it weight enough to sink. The fisherman, holding the cord in his hand, guides the instrument to the proper spots, entangles the branches of coral in the meshes of the net, and gives a smart pull. The trunk or principal stem attaches itself so closely to the rock, that considerable force is required to loosen it; but the smaller branches snap off more easily. The man regulates his manner of proceeding according to the kind of pieces which he wishes to obtain. The coral grows perpendicular to the plane to which it attaches itself, whether that plane be nearly horizontal or steeply sloping. In some parts of the Mediterranean, two different kinds of instrument are employed, one for fishing where the bottom is moderately smooth, the other where it is rocky and uneven—the latter usually yielding the best coral.

The fisher then has got his coral up to the surface. He sells it as quickly as possible, for it forms no part of his trade to work it up into ornaments and trinkets. As to the price, it is scarcely possible to name an average. Some rough pieces would not bring a shilling a pound; while small choice bits would find eager purchasers at two or three times their weight in pure gold. This diversity of character results from the varying circumstances which affect the formation of the coral. When a branch of coral—living coral, as it may perhaps be correctly called—is torn from its submarine bed, and brought up to the surface, it presents a kind of bark spotted with little tubercles or warts, and covered with a thick adhesive humour. The tubercles are the cells which contain or have contained the industrious zoophytes. The adhesive humour is the material from which the bark or skin is formed; and this bark, when solidified by age, hardens into a stony central core of coral. This is really very much like the manner in which the wood of a large tree gradually grows, from without inwards, in most of the *exogenous* trees with which we are familiar; the *endogenous* trees of tropical climes grow in a different manner. Whatever may be the age or size of a piece of coral, the inner substance is always found to be harder, closer, better coloured, and susceptible of receiving a better polish, than the outer; and according to the proportion which the quantity of the former kind bears to that of the latter, so will the coral be worth more per pound. The extremities of each branching shrub are small and tender, and contain little of the interior substance for which the coral is almost exclusively valued. We therefore see a good reason why the fishermen try to get hold of the large pieces, the main trunks or stems.

Mr Simmonds says that the small pieces of coral obtained off the Sardinian coast, called *ferraglio*, scarcely fetch so much as fourpence per pound English; whereas some of the largest specimens will bring forty to fifty shillings per pound in the regular market. As to very choice bits, they bring (as we have said) fancy prices, which can scarcely be judged by any definite standard. In Italy, there are large coral-working establishments in Leghorn and other places. In and near Leghorn, there are four establishments, employing many hundreds of women each, who work up fifty or a hundred thousand pounds of coral annually into small beads, round or square, smooth or faceted. The greater part of these beads are sent to Marseille, whence they are shipped to India; others to Germany; and others, again, to Russia, where much cheap coral is worn for funeral ornaments. At Genoa, the operations are on a still larger scale. There are twenty-four vendors in the city, fourteen of whom have factories in which the coral is worked up. Here, as at Leghorn, the substance is mostly wrought into beads. The cutting, piercing, and rounding are mostly done by women in the rural districts. 'The manner in which the work is distributed among the inhabitants of the different communes of the valley' [the Val di Bisagno], 'affords a striking example of the principle of the division of labour. All the workpeople employed in cutting belong to about a hundred families in the commune of Assio; those in piercing and rounding belong to about sixty families living in other parts of the valley. Each village works at beads of a particular size. The inhabitants go to Genoa to procure the raw material from the coral-sellers, and to take back the coral which they have wrought.' Besides these country-people, women are employed at the establishments in Genoa, who subject the coral to certain preparatory processes before it passes into the hands of the mechanical workers. A smaller number of the workpeople are employed at their own homes in Genoa, in cutting the coral into facets, and sometimes engraving it: higher class artificers than those in the country. In classifying the coral with regard to colour, irrespective of other qualities, the dealers distinguish between the red, the black, the clear white, and the dull white; and the red are further subdivided into deep crimson, pale red, and vermilion—the last very rare. A delicate rose or flesh colour is so seldom to be obtained, and so highly valued, that specimens of this kind have been sold at the rate of ten guineas an ounce, whereas the ordinary red coral of the shops is only worth about three or four shillings for the same quantity—of course independent of any ornamentation it may have undergone.

As to fashion or taste for coral, who can trace it to its origin? The Greek name *korallion*, 'sea-ornament,' denotes at once an admiration for it; but they were woefully at issue about the nature and origin of the substance. The ancients used coral as amulets, as an ornament for bucklers and helmets, as a charm to protect infants from disease, and (treated in various ways) as a medicine against fever, ophthalmia, and other maladies. During the middle ages, coral was very seldom mentioned by writers, and is supposed to have been but little used. Francis I. gave a start to the use of this

pretty substance for ornamental purposes; and it has remained in favour ever since. It is now made into negligées, beads, bolls, boutons, bracelets, brooches, earrings, tiaras, combs, hair-pins, links, studs, scarf-pins, charms, settings for rings, parasol garnitures, cameos, &c. The 'irrepressible nigger' is said to be very fond of coral ornaments; and we shall perhaps not be very uncharitable if we suppose that he is occasionally an unsuspecting purchaser of false or imitation coral: such sophistication is known to be practised by the use of cinnabar and other red and pink coloured substances. With regard to India, as the Hindus are often buried with their personal ornaments on them, and as these ornaments often include coral, there is here a commercial source of exhaustion, which encourages a commercial increase of supply.

But the really grand growths of coral are almost distinct from those formations which are found in the Mediterranean, and which supply the ornamental specimens. These grand growths are the *coral reefs*. Mr Darwin, some years ago, prepared a map in which were put down all the reefs of coral which surround the numerous islands in the Pacific. In one almost straight line of ten thousand miles, from Pitcairn Island to China, those reefs stud the vast ocean. The reefs are classified for convenience into three groups: 1. The *atoll* reef is a circular or curved ridge of coral, visible at low-water, but nearly covered at high-water, and having a tranquil lake in the centre. The diameter varies from one mile to sixty miles, in different examples; and the shape is usually an irregular oval. There is generally a profound depth of ocean at a very short distance from the atoll. In one case, the depth is a thousand feet, at a distance of less than a quarter of a mile; but, far more noteworthy than this, there is one atoll at two hundred feet from which no soundings could be found with twelve hundred feet of line; and another, where seven thousand feet found no bottom at a mile and quarter distance! The interior lake or lagoon is never profoundly deep. We may therefore picture to ourselves an atoll as the top of a steep conical submarine mountain, with a kind of crater at the summit. 2. The *barrier* reef differs from an atoll in having one or more islands within it; it forms, in fact, a barrier around an island or islands, at some considerable distance, and separated by a moat of very deep water. Some of them run along parallel to the shore; in some, the islands have joined to form a continuous strip of dry land; while in many instances, the island forms a very lofty mountain. 3. The *shore* reef resembles a barrier reef in having land within or near it; but the dry land is very near, and the intervening water very shallow; while in most instances there are no islands or islets, the whole reef being submerged at high-water. In all the three kinds—atoll, barrier, and shore—the reef has been formed by countless myriads of coral insects, working at the construction of their hollow dwellings. Mr Darwin, by tracing a local connection between volcanoes and reefs, arrived at a conclusion that, wherever an atoll or a barrier reef has been formed, the bed of the ocean has subsided; while at the spots where shore reefs occur, the bed of the sea is either uprising or stationary. Islands and mountains in the Pacific have been submerged by the subsidence of the ocean bed; and when the subsidence had taken place to a

certain extent, coral insects set to work at their busy labours; for, whether in the Pacific or the Mediterranean, the insect always works in the water, but at no great depth below the surface. All three kinds are satisfactorily accounted for on this view, as being in three stages of development. The shore reefs are formed first, as a fringe of coral around the coast of an island; by further subsidence, each becomes in time a barrier reef; and each of the latter develops into an atoll reef, by the insects constantly building at the top of it. The Pacific coral is doubtless as beautiful as that of the Mediterranean; but being more remote from inhabited countries, it has not so much chance of being worked.

## A MARINE RESIDENCE.

### IN SIXTEEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER XV.

MICHAEL STURT need not have gone to the other side of the world for a tale of Shipwreck. Every bay on the coast of Boddlecombe had its story, which was no legend, of loss and death, of peril and rescue; and to hear him on the theme of Derelicts—deserted vessels—and on sunken ships, was to listen to a very edifying chapter out of the history of marine assurance. Those who shrink from 'scuttling,' will often leave well-insured ships, under pretence that they are not seaworthy, which are found weeks afterwards still afloat, having battled with wind and wave successfully without human help or guidance. Nor even when a ship is lost by no fault of her captain, does the rogues end, providing she is sufficiently near shore, and has a cargo valuable enough to employ divers. These men, though generally as honest as they are brave, have one or two scoundrels among them, who carry on their villainies even under water. Not twenty years since, a ship carrying silver ingots went down in what is consequently now termed Ingot Bay, a few miles from Boddlecombe, and a diver was despatched by 'Lloyd's' to recover the treasure. He brought up some, but there was a good deal unaccounted for, which he professed himself unable to find. The enterprise had of course attracted much attention, and Michael Sturt amongst others was often in the bay, watching the operations. On a calm day, and with a water-glass, a man in a boat may see a good deal of what is going on beneath him, and Michael had caught sight of a small bale, most suspiciously like the canvas bags which had been swung up containing the ingots, lying just outside the wreck. At first, he took it for a stone; but he noticed that its bulk increased day by day, though the diver, passing close by it, seemed to take no notice of it. He would come up empty-handed, and express his fears that there was nothing more to be got out of the ship. Michael made no charge against this gentleman; but went straight to Lloyd's agent, who was superintending the work, and inquired how much he would give for salvage per bale of ingots.

'If anything has come ashore, you had best give it up, my man,' was the menacing reply.

'Nothing has come ashore,' said Michael; 'but if you would let me put on your diver's dress for half an hour some morning, before he goes to work, I have an idea that I might find you a bale or two.' This, after some characteristic haggling on both

sides, was agreed to; and Michael had the good fortune to bring up four bales, all lying in one heap ready to his hand, for which he got five pounds apiece. Had he not stirred in the matter, the submarine professional would, without doubt, have come down after the operations were given up, and done that clever little stroke of business upon his own account.

How tame and shallow seemed my Pall Mall experiences compared with those of this old sailor, whose highest delights were nevertheless but a quid of tobacco and a glass of grog! To listen to him was almost to hear the records of a life passed in some other state of existence. Nor did he yam as the old pensioners at Greenwich used to do—those nautical penny-a-liners, who seemed to gauge the capacity of your swallow, and graduate their marvels to suit it. So natural appeared his narrations, that if they had been the offspring of his imagination, Michael would have been the prince of story-tellers, and a sea-novelist of the first water. As it was, he was an honest, garrulous, old fellow, who could not write his name, and on whom, in consequence, the worldly-wise and accomplished Sam looked down with supreme contempt. What a hard and troublous life the man had had, and with what philosophy he had taken all the buffets of Fortune—with what thankfulness her little strokes of luck! Perhaps he was never so supremely happy in his life as on that bright but blowing morning when the crew of the *Saveall*, with his Willie among them, received in public their several dues for their late enterprise, supplemented by a small local subscription. It was quite a gala-day at Boddlecombe; and in return for the honour done them, these good fellows decided on a morning's 'practice' with the life-boat, in the bay, for the public amusement. This spectacle is a never-failing delight to a sea-coast population, and there was a great crowd on the pier to behold it. The programme was that the boat should just pull round the bay, and then be brought back to harbour, to exhibit what Eva called her 'self-righteousness'—her power of instantaneously righting herself after being turned over. The men were in their cork jackets, but otherwise in their holiday uniform, of white and blue; and a pretty sight indeed it was to see them pull out of port so gaily amid the cheering of us all, and mount the crested billows that seemed to oppose their exit.

'How different is this scene,' remarked I to Clementina, 'to the last time we saw them start in their sou'-westers.'

'Ah, but there's always danger on the sea,' sighed an old woman who stood on the other side of me, holding her little grandchild by the hand.

The platitude of the remark was redeemed by the deep tone of feeling with which she uttered it.

'I am afraid that you have had losses that way,' said I, with a glance at her mourning dress.

'Yes, indeed, sir, though not lately, thank God. I have still two sons at sea, and, I trust, alive. But my husband and three sons were drowned out yonder in Ingot Bay before my eyes.'

'I wonder, my poor woman, you can bear even to look at the sea,' said Clementina pityingly.

'Yes, ma'am, many have said the same, and I thought so myself before the dreadful thing happened; but now, on the contrary, I like to watch the sea, though it has done me such harm. Maybe

it will spare my other sons, and this little boy here, for he is going to the same trade. Maybe it has killed enough of mine, though indeed it is always killing—death lurks under every wave yonder.'

'To-day, at all events,' said I, wishing to divert the talk from this sad channel, 'there can be little danger, rough as it is, to such a craft as the *Saveall*.'

'There's always danger on the sea,' reiterated the widow sadly; and in a few minutes afterwards her words were proved only too true.

A catastrophe was about to happen for which we were altogether unprepared; for just as some great traveller, who has crossed desert continents and penetrated the thickest forests in safety, will sometimes meet with his death through a false step coming down his own stairs, so it was fated that the gallant *Saveall*, after all her victories over wind and sea, should perish close at home. She was coming in at a good speed, and had reached the very harbour's mouth, and we were all welcoming her with voice and hand, when a great wave lifted her stern so that the rudder could not act, and the next instant she was dashed against the stone-wall at our very feet, and went to pieces like an egg-shell; nor was even this the worst, for the man who was pulling bow was also thrown violently against the same obstacle. He could not sink because of his cork-jacket; but whereas the others swam into harbour with more or less of speed, this poor fellow moved no limb, but with bared head—for his holiday cap floated beside him—and bleeding temple, was carried hither and thither at the will of the waves.

'O John,' cried Clementina piteously, 'it is Michael's son!'

An exceeding bitter cry: 'My boy, my boy!' which chilled us all, broke forth at that instant from his mother's lips. There was no fear, as I have said, of the poor lad's sinking; but the cruel sea beat him again and again upon the stone before help could reach him. When they got him ashore, his mother clung to him so passionately that living and dead were carried home together—old Michael following with bowed-down head. What an end was this to our holiday! It seemed as though every house in Boddlecombe had lost an inmate, we were all so sorry for young Willie and his afflicted parents.

It was an awful night: the wind rose to a hurricane; and the sea, as though in malignant joy at the destruction of its foe, the life-boat, was wild and boisterous; one could scarcely stand in the street unless in shelter, notwithstanding which, Clementina put on her bonnet after dinner, and left us for three hours, when she came back, looking very pale and thoughtful. There was no need to ask where she had been.

As the night grew on, the gale increased. What we had hitherto experienced in that way was as nothing to it. The house rocked to its foundations; our native domestics came in with rueful faces to say that the posts and wires of the electric telegraph, the pride of Boddlecombe, had been blown down. The coastguard lieutenant, passing by, informed me that the wind was blowing by the gauge twenty-four pounds to the square inch. If it had been two hundred and forty, I should not have been surprised.

'What a requiem for poor Sturt!' said I.

'Ay, ay; and for the *Saveall*,' answered he gloomily. 'We have heard signal-guns three times; but we have no boat to send now; not indeed that even she could have lived in such a sea—Good-night, sir—if one can call such a night good.'

Sleep was out of the question. If the Lookout had been a ship at sea, and the front windows those of its stern cabin, they could scarcely have been more drenched with spray. More than once, through the thunderous roar of the tempest, I thought I could distinguish gunshots. At four o'clock I wrapped myself up as well as I could, and went out along the cliff. There was no fear of being blown into the sea. The difficulty was to keep one's feet, and resist the being carried inland. I could lean against that wind as against a wall. There was nobody abroad but myself, and I watched the gray dawn broaden over that raging sea with an awful sense of nature's power and man's weakness. I had made my way as far as the Lady's Bay, when a dreadful spectacle presented itself: there suddenly loomed out of the flying mist a vessel with all her sails set, and her lights burning, making straight for shore. Landsman as I was, I knew as well as old Michael could have told me that she was hurrying to her doom. Large as was the ship, the enormous waves—they were in fact between thirty and forty feet in height, but they seemed literally 'mountains high'—now completely hid her as she sank in their trough, now bore her upon their great white crests, as if in triumph. If she had been a derelict, such as Michael had spoken of, the sight would have been grand and impressive to the last degree; but to know that she had human beings on board, all rushing to instant death, was beyond measure appalling. Yet I could not avoid gazing intently: I was spell-bound. She was so near now that I could make out some persons crouching under the bulwarks of her deck, who seemed to be females, and two men lashed to the wheel. They had caught sight of the white sand, and were steering for that, in hopes to escape the rocky headland whereon I stood, and on which the wind was driving them. Had the ship come full against it, she must have gone to pieces on the instant, as the *Saveall* had done; but by God's good providence—as I well remember to have thought it—she struck sideways with a thud like a cannon-shot, and bounded off, the plaything of the storm, broadside on to the sand, where every wave swept over her. As each retired, I could make out that, beside the men at the wheel, there were five others on deck; and, worst of all, two women with three children clinging to them. The sight of these aroused me from my spell-bound condition. I was as powerless to help them as they were to help themselves, but others might be more useful. I threw off my great-coat, and ran at my utmost speed back to the village. How I wished that I had had the pedestrian gifts of the professor from Hackney Wick!

No one was to be seen in the wind-swept street, and, confused with pity and terror, I forgot what was lying in poor old Michael's cottage, and made straight for his well-known door. At my first summons, the old man appeared; he had not taken off his clothes, and looked the picture of woe, as well he might. 'Forgive me,' said I; 'I had for the moment forgotten your trouble. But there is

a ship ashore in the Ladies' Bay, and there are women and children on board.'

'Ah, sir, if my Willie yonder had been alive, maybe he could have done something; but I am of no use; go to the coastguard, and tell them to bring out the rockets.'

I was away in a moment. What an idiot I had been not to have remembered the rocket and mortar apparatus, which have now got to go with the coastguard as naturally as eggs with bacon.

There was not one instant of delay. Women have not the entire monopoly of neatness and readiness; it is shared by the nautical male. In less time than was conceivable under the circumstances, the chief-officer and his trained men were out on the roaring promontory, with everything ready for action. The ship still held together, and all the poor creatures upon deck were now huddled in a heap, and apparently clinging to one another. Looking on their helpless condition, and on the awful gulf that lay between us and them, and listening to the roar of the tempest, which made even the speaking-trumpet (for nothing had been forgotten) inaudible, it did not seem possible that human aid could avail them.

'It all depends upon whether the crew know how to second our efforts,' said the chief-officer, as he laid the mortar with great care. 'The instructions are scattered broadcast wherever they are needed, but it is surprising how few read them, though they know their lives may be any day dependent upon their having done so. However, we shall soon see, poor souls.'

The necessary arrangements were soon made. Three iron-shod stakes had been driven into the ground, so that the three heads met together, forming a purchase, as dependable, and much more easily worked with than any tree; and to this were attached the blocks and tackle presently to be used. The rocket-line was carefully laid zigzag, so that no two parts in contact might offer the least impediment to the progress of the missile. The mortar, in the teeth of such a gale, had to be greatly elevated, and this was done, and the charge of powder calculated with the utmost carefulness and judgment. We all held our breath as the weapon was fired, and craned over the cliff to watch the rope. 'It holds, it holds!' 'They have it, they have it!' cried many voices, and, indeed, it had fallen right over the poor crouching creatures. The question was, did they know what to do with it? It would have been very pardonable, if, in such an appalling scene, and in the very jaws of death, they had forgotten even if they did know. But they had not forgotten. We saw one of the crew separate himself a little from the rest, and, clinging with one hand to an iron ring, wave his handkerchief with the other. Instantly one of the coastguard left his fellows, and, standing alone, waved a red flag; then the shipwrecked crew began to haul upon the rocket-line. This took some time, for they were now and again quite submerged by the waves, and it was all they could do to save themselves from being washed overboard; but at last they got in a tailed block, with an endless fall rove through it, and this, though with the utmost difficulty, was made fast to the mast, about fifteen feet above the deck.

'What are they doing now?' inquired I.

'They are unbending the rocket-line from the whip.'

It was no time for the acquisition of useful knowledge; but if he had said they were 'heaving the fore-castle overboard,' it would have been equally intelligible to me.

The same man again separated himself from the others, and made the signal as before.

'They will now haul in the hawser,' said the lieutenant. This was done in the same manner as before, and the hawser made fast to the same mast, but in a spot about eighteen inches higher. There were now two lines—the one stout, and the other slight—between the wreck and the cliff; but it seemed as though Blondin himself could scarcely have made use of them: to look at them, and what was beneath them, made you giddy. The stout rope was now pulled taut, and by means of the 'whip' line, a slung life-buoy—called the Breeches Buoy—and much resembling that article of garment on an extensive scale, was hauled out to the ship.

All these operations, though performed by those on shore with incredible speed, had taken much time, through the difficulties which had beset those on shipboard. The women and children had never stirred, nor even looked up to see what was going on; and we began to fear that they had been drowned in their places, but now we could see the men bending over them, and, as it seemed, beseeching them to make an effort. One of the women looked up and shook her head, then nestled down again to her wet and clinging child. It seemed to us so strange that any one should refuse a chance of life; but the fact was, the poor creatures were numbed with cold and terror, and it appeared easier to drown as they were, than to trust themselves to those gossamer threads above that raging sea. The next moment we lost sight of them all, and when the overwhelming wave withdrew, we saw that there were only ten persons left out of the twelve. Two of the crew were gone, including the brave active fellow who had fastened the block to the mast. This loss seemed to make the rest of the poor fellows desperate. The one who had waved the handkerchief, and another, seized one of the women, and carried her, still clasping her child, to the life-buoy, and having placed her in it, ran back again to their shelter, only just in time, for as they did so, a great wave again whelmed them all. The woman and child were in the midst of it, but the rope was hauled at with a will, and through the surf and over the gulf they were dragged to land, and welcomed by many an eager hand. The woman was insensible, but the little child opened its eyes in wonder; and they were both placed in one of the covered carriages, which had arrived on the spot from Boddlecombe for that purpose, and tended by the doctor. When he told us: 'She's not dead; she'll do,' I saw more than one great hairy fellow crying for joy.

But there was much more to be done, and that quickly, for our fear was that the vessel would go to pieces every moment. It was about high-tide, and the force of the blows which she got with every wave was such that the thud of them sounded above the roar of the sea and wind. The second woman, who looked quite a girl, poor soul—and was, as we afterwards learned, but a six weeks' bride—was saved in vain. She was dead when they placed her in the buoy; but they had not the heart to leave her on board, they said, though it was a waste to them of precious time indeed. Her husband, the captain, was one of

those washed overboard. Then two men came over, carrying a child apiece; and then the rest; the last of all, the man who had waved the handkerchief.

If Cornish-men had, at one time, an ill name as 'wreckers,' and for unkindness to the victims of the sea, they certainly do not deserve it now. Nothing could exceed their gentleness and humanity, as I can testify, except their courage. Those nine shipwrecked souls would have been welcome, I verily believe, to bed and board under any roof in Boddlecombe; and the best that could be got were placed at their service. Not five minutes after the last man was landed, the ship broke up, and the coast was strewn with her cargo and contents. The saddest memento that came ashore was a chest of woman's linen, among which was a packet of new wedding-cards.

### GRINLING GIBBONS.

A BIOGRAPHY of Grinling Gibbons is a *desideratum* in the history of art. The materials for such a work are very scattered, but we hope ere long one of our art-writers will take up the subject, and give us a life of the great carver, illustrated, if possible, by drawings of his beautiful works.

It is generally supposed that Gibbons was born in Spur Alley, in the Strand; but Mr W. H. Black discovered among the manuscripts in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford the cast of his nativity, by Ashmole himself, whereby it appears that Gibbons first saw light at Rotterdam, April 4, 1648. Mr Peter Cunningham found in the works—accounts of the crown, temp. Charles I., mention of Simon Gibbons, a skilled carpenter, employed under Inigo Jones. He has found no other trace of Simon, but thinks Grinling was of English descent. Grinling lived in Belle Sauvage Court, Ludgate Hill, and first became known by carving a pot of flowers which shook surprisingly with the motion of the vehicles in the street. This was previous to Evelyn finding him near his mansion of Sayes Court, Deptford, in a thatched cottage, carving on wood Tintoretto's 'Crucifixion.' He asked one hundred pounds for it; and Evelyn said the frame, which was of flowers and fruit, was alone worth the money. He induced him to come to Whitehall; and the king admired it much, and commanded it to be carried to the queen, who was in her bedchamber. *It being a crucifix*, Evelyn thought the queen would have purchased it; but a fussy 'French peddling woman, Madame de Boord, who used to bring petticoats, and fans, and baubles out of France to the ladies, began to find fault with several things in the work, which she understood no more than an ass or a monkey.' This vexed Evelyn so much that he caused it to be taken away; and so 'this incomparable artist had his labour only for his pains.' This scene furnished Mr E. M. Ward, R.A. with a subject for an excellent picture in last year's Exhibition of the Royal Academy. The carving is so placed that only the frame is seen; but, from what Evelyn says, we are inclined to think that the 'Stoning of Stephen' was a distinct work, though some mention it as if it was the identical piece shewn to the king on this occasion. Charles afterwards purchased 'The Stephen,' and presented it to the Duchess of Chandos; and it was removed to Cannons, Herts. On the demolition of Cannons, it was bought by Mr Gore of Bushhill Park, Enfield.

It afterwards came into the possession of Mr William Mellish, late M.P. for Middlesex, and was removed to Wyvenhoe Park, near Colchester, in 1839, by his nephew and heir, Mr J. Gurdon Rebow, M.P. Lysons says the architectural parts are very fine. A beautiful drawing of this, by Mr Parish, may be seen in the Museum, Colchester Castle. The carving itself has never been photographed, nor has any engraving been published.

Gibbons was employed on the works at Whitehall and Windsor; and we propose giving a few statements of the sums he received: 'To Grinling Gibbons, carver, for carving the crown, sceptre, and tassels, with 9 bosses of wood over the canopy, and for vallets, festoons, cornishes, and other carved work for the front of the organ, for the Tabernacle and all its relieves, and 14 figures in the Chapel; for a marble holy water pot, and for a chimney-piece in the Great Bedchamber, and another in the Little Bedchamber, L.340, 17s. 9d.' (Works—Rebuilding Privy Gallery at Whitehall, 1685-6.) 'The said Grinling Gibbons and Arnold Quellin, for making and carving the great altar-piece of white marble, veined, wrought according to a design and contract, they finding all materials and workmanship, with two marble columns under the throne, fluted, with capitals and bases, L.1875, 1s. 8d.' (Rebuilding Privy Gallery at Whitehall.) 'To Grinling Gibbons, carver, for work done in the New Gallery building in the king's Great and Little Closet, in three rooms under the king's apartment, in the king's Gallery, and other places, L.839, 0s. 4d.' (Works at Kensington, October 1, 1691, to March 31, 1696.) 'Grinling Gibbons, carver, for an extraordinary fine piece of carved work, made and carved by him for his Mat<sup>ty</sup>, and sent by his Mat<sup>ty</sup> as a present to the Duke of Florence, L.150. And more to him for his pension after the rate of L.100 per annum, according to his Mat<sup>ty</sup>'s warrant, and due to him for half a year ended at Midsummer 1682, L.200.' (Works at Windsor, October 1, 1680, to September 30, 1682.) Mr W. Watkiss Lloyd, in *The Builder* (November 22, 1862), states that the above elaborate work is in the Ducal Palace at Modena; it contains 'fruit, corn, flowers, shells in great variety, combined and festooned among mere ornamental foliage. The centre is formed by a skull, executed with the greatest detail—a music-book open, with music, and words, and musical instruments. From a round linked chain, which passed round the skull, hangs a medallion, with a three-quarter face of the artist, and inscribed, "Gibbons Inventor, Sculptist Londra."'

Gibbons received a good deal of money for his works at Windsor. We give another example: 'Grinling Gibbons, carver, for carving work done and laid upon twenty-eight seats and stalls, carved with fruit, flowers, palms, laurels, pelicans, pigeons; five foot of cornice that has two members, enriched with leaves between each seat; twenty foot of framing to every seat, according to contract, L.518. More to him for carving the six vases with the thistle, roses, and two boys, laurels, palms, &c. in the front and upon the top of the *King's Seat*, with drapery, fruit, &c. &c.; several other ornaments of carving about the altar pews, and other places in and about the King's Chapel, he finding timber and workmanship, according to contract, L.498, 0s. 5d.—L.1016, 0s. 5d.' (Works at Windsor, October 1, 1680, to September 30, 1682.)

The altar-piece, &c. at Whitehall were afterwards removed to Hampton Court, as the following entry will shew: 'To Grinling Gibbons, master-carver, for taking down the marble altar-piece, with the columns, ornaments, and figures thereto belonging, in the late King James II.'s Chapel at Whitehall, and loading the same into barges, and delivery thereof at Hampton Court, according to contract, L.130. More to him for carving cornishes, mouldings, and other picture-frames, for architrave, freze, subbase, and other carver's work by him done in and about the said buildings, L.520, 7s. 4d.' (Works at Hampton Court, April 1, 1694, to March 31, 1696.)

As Mr Peter Cunningham remarks: 'That altar-piece cost King James II. three kingdoms, placed his son-in-law, "the hero William," and his two daughters, on the throne of England, and was a primary cause that James died in exile at St Germain.' Who will not look, after reading this, with interest on the altar-piece at Hampton Court? R. Thoresby, in his *Diary*, says (*sub anno* 1695) that he visited Windsor Castle, and admired the 'admirable woodwork of our countryman, Mr Grinling Gibbons, the famous statuary, who made also that exquisite statue of King Charles II. in the Royal Exchange at London, which is of white marble.'

Mrs Oldfield, in 1730, had the following article: 'The Earl of Strafford, a whole length, finely carved in ivory by Mr Gibbons.' This valuable property seems to have disappeared. What a pity Gibbons's other works are not in ivory! It is such a durable substance, that some of the Nineveh ivories have retained their whiteness after three thousand years. At Windsor, Gibbons carved the pedestal in marble for the equestrian statue of the king in the principal court. The fruit, fish, and nautical implements are all exquisite. Another great performance was a tomb for Baptist Noel, Viscount Camden, at Exton, Rutlandshire. It is colossal, and cost L.1000. The font in St James's, Piccadilly, in white marble is his. It is supported by the Tree of Life; the Serpent is offering the forbidden fruit to Adam and Eve; on one side is John baptising the Saviour; on another, Philip baptising the eunuch; and on the third, Noah's Ark, with the dove bringing the olive branch.

One of his early works was the wooden throne at Canterbury; but it is in the Wren churches of London that we see the extent and fancy of his chisel. Curiously enough, the lime-wood carvings at St Paul's Cathedral are in a fine state of preservation, being free from the attacks of insects. The reredos at St James's, Piccadilly (Wren's masterpiece), is a magnificent piece of work; Evelyn, in his *Diary*, thus describes it: 'December 16, 1684.—I went to see the new church at St James's. Elegantly built. The altar was especially adorned; the white marble enclosure curiously and richly carved; the flowers and garlands about the walls by Mr Gibbons, in wood; a pelican, with her young at her breast, just over the altar, in the carved compartment and border. There was no altar anywhere, nor has there been any abroad, more handsomely adorned.' The wood is lime, with cedar for the reredos. In 1846, the work was restored by two Italian artists; but we fear a good deal of Gibbons's work was replaced by their own. Mr Rogers says the reredos of the church of St Nicholas, Abchurch Lane, is one of the richest

of any in the city churches; large masses of festoons and pendants, with fruit and flowers, cover the whole width of the wall. Up to the cornice, this has been painted over in the same way as the carved works at St James's, Piccadilly. The horizontal bands on the great organ in St Paul's Cathedral are the perfection of this character of foliated scroll-work; these were engraved in the *Art Journal* for 1866, page 10. In the vestry of St Dunstons-in-the-East, is a wood-carving by Gibbons of the arms of Archbishop Teulon. The marble font at St Margaret's, Lothbury, is attributed to Gibbons, resembling that in St James's, Piccadilly.

Gibbons chose but very few varieties of flowers and fruit out of his own garden, but it is marvellous what effects he produced with them. He originated beautiful light interlacing scroll-work. There are several examples at Belton House, and in the chapel and state-rooms at Chatsworth, and in the fine trophies at Kirtlington Park. His works certainly rivalled the works of the medieval carvers in grace and variety. Walpole says: 'There is no instance of a man before Gibbons who gave to wood the loose and airy lightness of flowers, and chained together the various productions of the elements with a fine disorder natural to each species. The classic artists used wood in their carvings. Figures carved in sycamore have been found in Egyptian tombs; many Grecian statues were wrought in that material. Pliny describes carvings in many kinds of wood.' And yet, notwithstanding the specimens of ancient wood-carving which have been preserved, many of the carvings of Grinling Gibbons are slowly but surely turning to dust. In 1865, Mr Rogers visited Chatsworth, and observed on the surface a peculiar whitish bloom, telling that all was rottenness within, and that insects were feeding on the fruit and flowers of Gibbons. In the Cedar Chapel of that mansion are pendants carved in the most exquisite manner; these were so far advanced in decay, that but for nails driven into them, they would have fallen from the walls. Mr Rogers had previously saved the beautiful carvings in Belton House, and persuaded the duke to allow him to try and save those in the Cedar Chapel. He describes his process in a paper read before the Royal Institute of British Architects (June 3, 1867). To destroy the insects, he places the carving in a strong solution of corrosive sublimate (chloride of mercury) in water. The original tint of the wood suffers by this, but that is restored by ammonia and muriatic acid. After this, he injects vegetable gum and gelatine, in order to fill up the worm-holes, and strengthen the fabric of the carvings. A varnish of resin, dissolved in spirits of wine, is then spread over the surface, and the dismembered pieces put together in conformity with the photographs taken as records prior to the work of restoration having been commenced. This process will also be found in the Report of the Commission appointed to inquire into the causes of decay in wood-carvings, before which Mr Rogers was examined. Seven years after this process had been applied to the Belton carvings, the clerk of the works reported that there is never any appearance of worm-dust since they have been restored. Thus the age that cannot create, restores; and we hope that any person possessing valuable carvings by Gibbons will allow Mr W. G. Rogers to restore

them in this manner. In the state apartments at Chatsworth are beautiful trophies, which 'teem with thought, fanciful and wonderful execution,' all in a state of fearful decay, and, we regret to add, will remain so, for Mr Rogers could not persuade the duke to have them restored. In the vestibule of these apartments is an exquisite carved tie of Spanish lace. It is of pear-wood, and is built up of three or four layers, and the junctions of the masses are concealed behind the folds. Mr Rogers says point-lace was a favourite subject with Gibbons. He has found it at Cullen House, Banffshire, the seat of the Earl of Seafield, and introduced in a royal trophy at another place. His point-lace knot was once the pride of Lord Orford's collection at Strawberry Hill, and is now the property of Miss Burdett Coutts. We might almost say of it as Tennyson in *Maud* speaks of the shell:

Frail, but a work divine;  
Made so fairly well,  
With delicate spire and whorl,  
How exquisitely minute—  
A miracle of design!

On either side of the library at Trinity College, Cambridge, are fourteen projecting presses, adorned with coats of arms and other devices by Gibbons, embedded in masses of fruits and flowers, carved in white lime-tree wood. Much of the delicate finish of these has been rubbed down, and the whole washed over with a glaze or gum. At the ends of the room is some fine carving, but having been coated with oil-paint, the insects within have reduced it to a skeleton. We may remark, *en passant*, that all the fine carvings at Blenheim, Kirtlington, and Wimpole are in yellow deal. The stalls of the Masters at King's and Trinity Colleges, with canopies executed in rich dark oak, are considered the perfection of this school of carving. The east end of the chapel at Trinity is executed in cedar; round the painting, Gibbons's beautiful work is lavished. This has actually been painted white! The chapel contains the finest specimens of Gibbons's work in either university, and though wrought in rich cedar, is covered with a dirty undrying oil. The library at Queen's College is enriched with Gibbons's carvings, in Norway oak. The screen and altar-piece of cedar and lime at Trinity College, Oxford, are also enriched with Gibbons's carving, in his best style. When the writer last saw these, their beautiful appearance was spoiled by the oil which had been placed upon them. At Winchester, the altar-rail is by Gibbons, and has been painted very dark, to agree with the fine fourteenth-century canopies over the stalls.

In 1835, Mr Rogers visited Cashisbury, and found room after room covered with the finest Gibbons work—dead game, wild flowers, scrolls, birds in the softest plumage entwined with delicate tendrils, just as the carver left them. Thirty years after, he again visited the mansion, and found all this charming work had been covered over with a thick brown paint and heavy varnish; all the delicate feathering of the birds and veining of the leafage were defaced; and repairs had been made in plaster.

At Lyme Hall, near Disley (the seat of W. C. Legh, Esq.), the greater part of which was erected by Sir Christopher Wren, are some fine carvings by Gibbons. This is a very interesting

old mansion: some parts are as old as the time of Henry VII.; and amongst other curiosities is the toilet of Mary Queen of Scots, with its old brocade and lace hangings. In the great hall at Kirtlington Park, near Oxford, are an alcove and niches enriched with Gibbons carving; and over the marble chimney-piece is a panel (five or six feet square), in the best style of the master. Another panel on the grand staircase (five feet by four), a basket of flowers and fruit, is very fine. A chamber at Petworth is enriched from ceiling to floor, between the paintings, with festoons of flowers and dead game. Lysons, in his *Environs of London* (iv. 87), mentions that at Valentines, in Barking, Essex, 'a large mansion built by James Chadwick, son-in-law of Archbishop Tillotson,' there were some fine carvings by Gibbons. And in the Supplement (page 342), he states that Valentines was purchased in 1808 by Charles Welstead, Esq., and that the carvings had been removed. In the Inner Temple Hall, over a chimney-piece, is some fine carving by Gibbons. The Hall of Her Majesty's College is similarly enriched; and a beautiful specimen of his work is preserved at the New River House, Clerkenwell. In 1861, the old materials of 108 Cheapside were sold, and among them was a great deal of fine carving, believed to be by Gibbons. This house was built in the seventeenth century for Sir Edward Waldo, and was visited by six reigning sovereigns, from Charles II. to George III., on the occasion of civic festivities, and for the purpose of witnessing the Lord Mayor's Show. This beautiful carving was bought for one shilling and eightpence a foot (!) by Mr Jones, and removed to his mansion of Gungrog (a corruption of the Welsh *gwau-y-grog*, 'the meadow or vale of the cross'), Montgomeryshire. We are inclined to think that the leading features of this work may have been by the great artist, and the details by his subordinates. Mr Jones commissioned Mr Rogers to complete the furniture of the room; and he accordingly designed a beautiful sideboard, illustrating the principal historic event that had taken place within the room which the oak panelling had adorned—namely, Charles II. conferring the honour of knighthood on Sir Edward Waldo.

Restoring carvings which have been painted over to something like their former beauty, is a difficult process. Mr Rogers says the best way is to place the carving in a trough filled with sawdust, which is then saturated with an alkaline solution. By allowing it to remain in that state for a few days, the whole of the paint would be eaten off. He considers lime-wood to be the most susceptible to the ravages of insects, and cedar the least so.

Gibbons survived his wife between nine and ten months, the register of St Paul's, Covent Garden, recording her burial on the 30th November 1719, and that of Gibbons himself on the 10th of August 1720. They had nine or ten children. In the decoration of St Paul's, Wren also employed Philip Wood, who came up a poor lad from Suffolk, and carved as a specimen of his skill a sow and pigs, for which he received ten guineas. The pulpit in that cathedral, according to Mr Timbs, was designed by Mylne, and executed about sixty years since by one of the finest flower-carvers of the time, named Mowatt. About the year Gibbons died, Nicholas

Collet was born. He lived till 1804, having carved perhaps the best of the decorated doors in Ormond Street, Queen Square. But the greatest carver of modern times is Mr W. Gibbs Rogers, before mentioned. In 1849—1850, he executed elaborate carvings for the church at St Mary-at-Hill, Billingsgate (the pulpit alone cost five hundred pounds). Perhaps his most successful ones may be seen in the church of St Michael, Cornhill. He carved from a design suggested by the Queen a boxwood cradle in rich Italian style, and first used for the infant Prince Arthur (born 1850). This will be found engraved in the *Art Journal* for August 1850.

## LIFE IN THE STEERAGE.

### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

I LEFT the *Parahyba* running down the Channel, in sight of our own coasts, where, with the reader's permission, I will resume the thread of my narrative. I am not going to dilate upon the romance of the sea, and the wonders of the deep, and that for several good and sufficient reasons. I am not sentimental, but matter of fact, and in my humble opinion, if there is any romance about life at sea, which I very much doubt, it must be looked for in the cabin, not in the steerage. A great deal of nonsense has been written about 'life on the ocean wave;' but the life in question, with its petty paltry details, is one of the most prosaic states of existence conceivable; and a week or two in a steerage would effectually take the poetry out of the most ardent votary of the Muses. As to the wonders of the deep, with the exception of a few porpoises, bottle-noses, and Mother Carey's chickens, we saw none of them, so on this subject I can have nothing to say. The morning after we left Havre was fine and bright, and the appearance of the sky gave promise of a pleasant day. Most of my fellow-passengers crawled upon deck, to enjoy the warmth of the sun, and take their last glimpses of a land we were leaving fast. The sickness of the previous night had greatly altered the looks of most of them. The men seemed pale and ill; whilst the women, poor wretches, looked haggard and squalid to the last degree. A fine day, however, brightened them up wonderfully, and those who had got over their sickness for the present were inclined to look hopefully forward to a favourable termination of the voyage, and busied themselves in making various little preparations tending to render the life before them more endurable. Discussions as to the probable length of the voyage were entered into, and the supposed merits and demerits of the ship were freely canvassed; some pronouncing her 'a good sea-boat,' whilst others declared that from the moment they came on board they 'knew she would be a roller.' Upon one point, however, all agreed—namely, that she was very slow, which indeed she was, as we subsequently discovered, to our cost. Several of our number, practical mechanics, went aft to look at the engines, the power of which they afterwards declared to be overrated, and to be not much more than half of what had been stated in the advertisements, in fact, quite inadequate to a ship of the *Parahyba's* tonnage. Nine or nine and a half knots an hour was, as we afterwards found, the highest rate of speed that

could be got out of her under the most favourable circumstances; and from this fact, combined with the retarding influences of highly unfavourable weather, the voyage was in the end prolonged to an unusual extent.

Towards evening, the shores of old England sank beneath the horizon; and now, for the first time since our departure from London, fairly out of sight of land, the *Parakya* stood boldly onwards towards the trackless wastes of the mighty Atlantic. With the next day came a change in the weather, and this and many succeeding days found us struggling against foul winds and heavy gales from the north-west, that tossed our ship about like a plaything, and materially increased the miseries of the poor wretches in the steerage. Sickness again claimed its victims, and now not more than a dozen of the passengers, of which number I, to my great content, was one, escaped the infliction. Indiscriminately herded together, men and women, without distinction of sexes, as we were in the steerage, the scenes on the lower deck may be better imagined than described. Privacy there was none, nor could there be in a berth where the sleeping-places were entirely unscreened from the rest of the apartment—if I may be allowed to dignify it by that appellation. Men and women, married and single, lay in their bunks in every stage of sickness, untended, uncared for, and exposed to the gaze of every person who might enter the berth; whilst the crying of the numerous children, and the openly expressed fears of the females, added greatly to the wretchedness of the sufferers, and made the place unendurable to all who could remain upon deck. The disgusting habits of the foreigners, of whom, as I have said, we had many in our quarters, proved also a fertile source of annoyance to the more fastidious amongst us; but upon this point I shall say as little as possible, being unwilling to shock the nerves of my readers by a too open recital of things seen and done on board an emigrant ship. One of the most harmless of their peculiarities was an almost total abjuration of the use of soap and water; and upon the rare occasions when they awakened to a sense of the desirability of at least a partial ablution, the majority of them were content to perform a kind of cat-washing in the following fashion. Filling their mouths with water, they would squirt this upon their hands, then, rubbing the latter over their faces and necks, would, after a hasty polish with a dirty towel, rest satisfied in the consciousness of great things done in the cause of personal cleanliness. Upon one occasion, I watched a German on the fore-castle go through the operation of shaving. His appliances were merely a piece of soap and an old razor. Spitting upon the soap, he rubbed it over his face, and contriving in this way to raise a lather, he removed his beard very much to his own satisfaction; a friend, meanwhile, holding the looking-glass, which was about the size of a crown piece.

But enough of an unpleasant subject. Hitherto, I have alluded to my fellow-passengers in general terms only. The English portion was made up chiefly of small-tradesmen, their wives and families, and working-men—in all numbering about a hundred. Of the unmarried women, several were domestic servants, going out alone to seek places in New York, tempted by the hopes of receiving higher wages than at home. A few of the married

females were going to join their husbands in various parts of the Union; and one or two were returning to America, after revisiting their friends in the old country. Several of the men had been in the States before, and the society of these individuals was much courted by those who wished to learn something beforehand about the country to which we were bound. One of these men, originally a native of Manchester, was much looked up to by the greenhorns in his mess, chiefly by reason of the tremendous yarns he used to spin about life in the cities of the glorious republic. He was, or professed to be, a naturalised American, and had lived in the States from boyhood, having been to England only to visit his friends. In the war, he had, as he said, fought on the side of the Federals; and, to use his own words, had, under the 'glorious flag of liberty, taken part in forty-nine battles and skirmishes.' In deference to his pretensions as a warrior, he was always addressed as 'colonel,' an honorary title that he accepted with much graciousness, as in some sort due to his merits and experiences. This individual was the means of bringing us into contact with the captain in a not over-pleasant manner before we had been at sea many days. I have not yet had occasion to mention the skipper, he being a dignitary with whom steerage passengers have little to do, and, to their thinking, the less the better. We were, however, destined—through the instrumentality of the colonel—to receive a visit from our commanding officer, by no means of a nature to induce us to desire a closer intimacy with the autocrat of the quarter-deck; and this is how it came about. One night, during very rough weather, we did not receive our usual allowance of fresh bread, and so had to fall back upon the biscuits. This, however, did not suit several of the unquiet spirits in the steerage; so, forming themselves into a deputation, they, headed by the colonel as spokesman, went aft to lay a complaint before the captain. The skipper received them very quietly, told them that the reason the bread had not been served out was simply this, 'that the ship had been rolling so much that the bakers had been unable to work;' and so dismissed them. It is only right to say, that the majority of the passengers were decidedly opposed to this idea of appealing to the captain on such trivial grounds for complaint, but the grumblers insisted on having their own way, with the results related.

We thought to hear no more of the matter, but in this we were mistaken; for, next morning, at breakfast-time, down came the skipper, evidently prepared for an explosion of wrath. From the commencement of the harangue with which we were favoured, it seemed that complaints had been made by the stewards about some real or imaginary wasting of the ship's biscuit. Glancing round the steerage, as if to awe us with his looks, he opened his batteries after the following style: 'What's this I'm told about your wasting the ship's provision? Don't you know that you may be weeks at sea, and come to be glad to get a biscuit? If I hear another word about waste, I'll put the lot of you on allowance, and see how you'll like that; and the first man I find destroying the smallest bit of biscuit, I'll put in irons, and give him six months as soon as we reach New York. Now, remember what I've said, for, by —, I'm a man of my word.' Here the

colonel came forward, and attempted to interpose a few words to the effect that there had been no waste. He was, however, fiercely interrupted by the skipper, who turned round, his foot on the ladder, with: 'Oh, you're the man that came whining to me last night, because you didn't get fresh bread for one day, are you? Now, look here: I'm not obliged to give you fresh bread at all; it's not in your contract. Shew me where it says you're to have it.' The colonel, in vain, attempted to speak; the captain would not hear him, but ascended the ladder, muttering, as he went, threats of putting in irons, giving six months, until he had gained the deck, and was lost to hearing.

This encounter with the authorities did not tend to increase our satisfaction with the prospect before us. No Englishman likes to be threatened with loss of personal liberty; and from the way in which his address was received, it was plainly manifest that, in hinting at irons, the captain had touched upon a sore place. There was nothing for it, however, but to swallow the affront, though, from this moment, the captain was cordially hated by his English passengers in the steerage. When upon after-occasions the duties of his position brought the captain into contact with us, his tone and bearing were the reverse of conciliatory; indeed, he seemed to regard us as so many head of live-stock, to be ordered and driven about at his own pleasure, not as free agents, who had individually paid to his employers a sum more than an equivalent for the accommodation afforded in return. It must not, however, be supposed that every captain bears himself thus arrogantly towards those who may chance to be under his sway. The skipper of the ship in which I subsequently returned to England, never, by word or deed, interfered with his steerage passengers throughout the voyage, neither did his mates; whilst in the *Parahyba*, these functionaries, in their dealings with the occupants of the lower deck, bore themselves very much after the fashion of their chief. In justice to our captain, it is only fair to say, however, that, rough as he undoubtedly was in manners, he was a thorough seaman, and for this possessed the respect of his crew.

The effects of the rough weather encountered during the first fortnight were severely felt by us, as, throughout the whole of the time, it was next to impossible to remain upon deck without getting thoroughly wetted by the seas which constantly broke over the ship. Few of the passengers possessed an available change of clothing, most of the boxes being down in the hold, where they were not to be come at when now and then the hatches were taken off to get at the stores. All intending emigrants would do well to retain a bag or small box containing changes of clothing, above hatches, also a supply of warm apparel, as, out at sea, no matter what the season, it is generally unpleasantly cold. During the stormy weather, the ship rolled incessantly, and the scenes in the steerage, more especially at meal-times, were often sufficiently amusing. We had of course no cunningly devised swing-tables, as in the cabins; and an extra lurch given by the ship would often send the mess-tins flying in all directions. A piece of beef would land on the lap of some unlucky female; an unfortunate wight would perhaps receive the allowance of soup for a whole mess over his legs; whilst biscuits, tin pots, and potatoes would hop about

the berth like grape-shot. Often had we at such times to hold on to some available support with one hand, whilst with the other we endeavoured to perform the double office of preserving the equilibrium of a pannikin of boiling soup and using a spoon—two duties not easily reconcilable. These, however, were minor evils, generally met with good humour. A more serious source of discomfort was the frequent shipping of heavy seas, much of the water thus taken on board finding its way down the imperfectly covered hatchway, rendering everything near the ladders unpleasantly wet, and the deck miserably sloppy. At night, J—and myself would sometimes be unpleasantly aroused to the consciousness of streams of cold water trickling into our bunks, which, as I have before said, were in the upper tier, and just opposite the hatch. This usually happened after a heavy thump on the deck overhead had announced the shipping of a huge volume of water, which, splashing from side to side, would deluge the companion, rush down the openings, and, conducted by the coamings of the hatch and the iron beams overhead, drip into our bedding in continuous streams for several minutes. Such incidents formed a part of our daily life, and all who voyage in the steerage must be prepared to encounter the same, and still worse inconveniences, in abundance; for, believe me, the rough predominates over the smooth in existence on the lower deck of an emigrant ship.

The total absence of privacy is one of the greatest evils. From the moment the passenger sets foot in the steerage, until the time when he leaves the vessel, he is never alone for an instant, night or day. Every action must be performed in the presence of his fellow-voyagers, out of whose sight he is unable to withdraw even to change his clothes—a duty which, absolutely necessary as it is, becomes almost impossible of performance in a steerage where, as in that of the *Parahyba*, men and women are herded indiscriminately together. Hard as the life of a steerage passenger in a steam-ship undoubtedly is, it is, however, far preferable to that of the unfortunates who crowd the lower decks of sailing-vessels. In a steamer, the food, though coarse enough in all conscience, is abundant, and served out duly cooked and prepared. On board all sailing-ships, the steerage passengers are obliged to prepare their own meals, to take them to the galley, and, in some instances, to superintend the cooking thereof themselves. Provisions are served out once or twice a week, usually by the mates, as these ships do not carry steerage stewards, when each passenger receives his own allowance. Fresh meat and soft bread are luxuries unknown, and the passenger may think himself lucky if he gets the full quantum of biscuit, salt beef, and pork to which he, by virtue of his contract ticket, is entitled. Each adult steerage passenger by sailing-vessel is supposed to receive the following allowance of provisions weekly: three and a half pounds of bread or biscuit, not inferior in quality to navy biscuit; one pound wheaten flour; one and a half pounds oatmeal; one and a half pounds rice; one and a half pounds peas; two pounds potatoes, or an equivalent in preserved potatoes, at captain's option; one and a quarter pounds beef; one pound pork; one pound sugar; two ounces tea; two ounces salt; half-ounce mustard; quarter-ounce ground pepper; and one gill of vinegar; with three quarts of water daily.

Some of these ships carry what are called passenger-cooks, persons who, in return for the privilege of a passage at about one-half the usual fare, undertake to cook for their fellows in the steerage. Even then, each passenger has to prepare his or her own meals for the galley-fire, as the amateur cooks merely superintend the actual boiling and baking of the provisions. Steerage passengers by sailing-ships are sometimes exposed to considerable hardships when the voyage chances to be unusually long, and provisions and water run short; and, in addition to these possible evils, the treatment they now and then meet with at the hands of an overbearing captain and his mates is sometimes the reverse of considerate. I have often conversed both in England, America, and on board ship with persons who had crossed the Atlantic in sailing-vessels, but I never met with one who professed his willingness to undertake another voyage under the same circumstances. One out of many incidents told to me relative to the treatment of passengers particularly impressed me at the time, as indicative of a peculiarly wanton spirit of evil in the chief actor. As my informant was an eyewitness to the circumstance, which occurred about three years ago on board a Liverpool ship, the captain and first-mate of which—two brothers, both now dead—were notorious for harsh behaviour towards passengers and crews; and as I have every reason to depend upon his good faith, I will relate the facts. At a weekly distribution of provisions, when it came to the turn of one of the passengers to receive his allowance, it was found that he, having come hurriedly upon deck, had forgotten to bring with him utensils or bags for the reception of the various articles. The first-mate, who was presiding, refused to allow him to return for his tins; and pouring peas, rice, flour, oatmeal, sugar, tea, salt, and pepper into one bag, bundled him off with everything mixed together, and of course perfectly useless. This, it will be remembered, was a week's allowance, so that, until the next distribution, the poor fellow was forced to live upon the contributions of his friends, who probably had little to spare from their own stores.

Incidents such as this display a wanton exercise of power, but they are, I have reason to believe, of more frequent occurrence than might be supposed. A steerage passage from any English port to New York, by sailing-vessel, costs from L.3, 10s. to L.4, according to the line to which a ship may belong. An average passage will occupy from a month to five weeks, although many voyages are prolonged by contrary winds to two months, and even to ten weeks; in which case the passengers are sometimes put upon short allowance of everything, water included.

But to return once more to the *Parahyba*. After sufficient time had elapsed for the passengers to recover from their sickness, every morning, when the weather was tolerable, we would be roused directly after breakfast by the stentorian tones of the skipper, who, standing at the hatchway, would bawl out: 'All on deck! Now then, up ye come! I'll give you ten minutes to turn out! Steward, rouse them all out, and take those ladders away.' After this polite address, he would descend into the berth, and then woe betide the unfortunate who might be found in his bunk! No excuse of illness, unless certified by the doctor (who, by the way, was a German, as indeed were all

who had to do with the passengers, purser, cooks, and stewards included), was available; the inexorable captain would not leave the place while a single person remained below. All this was, however, necessary to preserve health on board, as many of the Germans, if permitted, would have staid in their bunks the whole of the voyage; indeed, all they seemed to care for was eating and sleeping—accomplishments in which they excelled. After dinner, the captain would repeat his visitation, keeping us on deck for a couple of hours, and then we would be left to ourselves for the rest of the day, free to remain above or to go below as we pleased. Day after day dragged its weary length along in the manner that has already been described, until we became heartily wearied of the monotony of our existence, and began to long for the sight of land. The bad weather continued with but little intermission until we arrived in the latitude of the Banks of Newfoundland, which was not until we had been sixteen days out from London.

### JACQUES' THREAT.

A.D. 1787.

There is a pleasance walled all round,  
With choice and tender flowers therein;  
High birth is passport to the ground,  
But tread of common feet is sin.  
My Lord hath power to pick and choose  
The flower that most may please his whim—  
Exotics and the daintiest rose  
Make sweet obeisance unto him.

But Heaven in its mercy set,  
To bloom beside my village cot,  
A blue-eyed woodland violet.  
Methought it was my own, God wot!  
And sent to cheer my life of care.  
Brave little heart, that ailed not on  
The honest breath of native air.  
But one sad day I found it gone.

'Tis bold for vassal-lips to say  
Your Lordship's deed was foully done—  
To pluck my treasure fresh and gay,  
And fling it withered to the sun.  
The power that is not all divine,  
Must leave the poor some sweets of life;  
Court-airs are yours, and rapier fine,  
But Jacques has still a heart—and knife.

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